

"Nought shall make us rue
It England to itself do rest but true."—Shakespeare.



PRESIDENT BRISBANE BRANCH:
A. LANGLEY SIMMONS, Esq.

Souvenir Programme

and Book of Words



Grand English Loyalist Demonstration and National Concert

In aid of our Returned Sailors and Soldiers

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, MAJOR SIR HAMILTON GOOLD-
ADAMS, G.C.M.G., C.B., AND LADY GOOLD-ADAMS

**St. George's Day, April 23, 1919,
and R.S.S. Memorial Day**

EXHIBITION HALL,

7.30 O'CLOCK

DOORS OPEN AT 6 P.M.

ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS, 1/-

PRICE THREEPENCE

A. LANGLEY-SIMMONS, Hon. Organiser of the Demonstration and Concert.

“ England, O England, dear land of our birth,
Land of the fair and the brave and the free ;
England, dear England, the first of the Earth,
Some pride is forgiven in singing of thee.”

BRISBANE BRANCH OF
The Royal Society of St. George

OFFICE BEARERS :

PRESIDENT :

A. Langley Simmons.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

H. T. Davis
A. Exley
H. W. Hargreaves

A. J. James
A. Midson
W. K. Parrish

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HON. TREASURER :

G. K. Seabrook, F.F.I.A., F.C.I.S. (Eng.)

HON. AUDITOR :

F. M. Hart, F.F.I.A.

HON. SOLICITOR :

W. J. Byram.

SECRETARY :

E. T. Campbell, F.F.I.A., A.C.I.S. (Eng.)

Every Englishman and Englishwoman should assist their National Society by their membership. It is more important now than at any other time in the history of the Society. The subscription is only 10/- per annum. The Hon. Secretary is in attendance all day at his office, 331 Queen Street.

It is desired that the Society should enrol as many members as possible this year. Present members are asked, therefore, to bring along as many Englishmen and Englishwomen who are not members, as possible.



“ Oh England, dear England, in our softened eyes,
The dimness tells our heart's devotion ;
Still in the van thy flag of freedom flies,
Still own thee Queen, earth, air and ocean,”

PROGRAMME.

6.40—7.20.

AUSTRALIAN ARMY RESERVE BAND (No. 1 Military District).

Bandmaster : S. ROWLANDS.

Medley—" English Airs "	H. Richards
Overture—" Memories from Sullivan's Operas "	—
Grand Selection—" Echoes of England "	Hume
Waltz Medley—" Criberibin "	Hall

*The Brisbane Amateur Operatic Society, Members of the Austral Choir and others,
and their Conductor, Mr. E. R. B. Jordan, and the Shakespearean Society
have given their items in to-night's programme free to the Society.*

*The Royal Society of St. George is also indebted to Mr. Victor Galway, Mus. Bac.,
Mr. G. Kitson, Mr. W. Crisp, Miss Merna Gillies, Miss Dorothy Field,
and Miss Jessie McDonald, who have kindly contributed to the Programme.*

The net proceeds of this function are being given to the R. S. S. Memorial Day Fund.

Mighty England.

MORE than ever will our great Motherland be recognised as the champion of the smaller nations. She never faltered when the issue was in the balance, but straightway drew the sword ; nor was it sheathed until through much travail and tribulation it had achieved a glorious victory. Never once looking back, never in the darkest days allowing herself to be deflected by one hair's breadth from her purpose, she stands to-day the mightiest nation in the world and the recognised champion of the oppressed and weak.

Let us in these far flung posts of Empire remember that our England, with all the changes, is still the same in her great throbbing heart as of old. Disloyalty to her and to our King may show itself at times here in many incipient forms, but while we Englishmen are loyal to our Motherland and ourselves—and God forbid that it should ever be otherwise—such disloyalty can never bring about what it desires. *And our Motherland will never forget us !* Through all her long history she has shown that time and again, and we can remember it to our comfort in these days. Never will we English people allow ourselves to be parted from her. What our forefathers strove to obtain we will hold here for future generations as a priceless heirloom—as a part of the great Empire she has built and of which she is the grand and mighty foundation.

A. L. S.

PROCESSION

— OF —

The Royal Banners of St. George, His Excellency the Governor and Lady
Goold-Adams, Distinguished Visitors and Representatives of our Allies,
Office Bearers and Women War Workers of the Royal Society
of St. George, Shakespearean Characters in Costumes.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

At the Organ :

Mr. VICTOR E. GALWAY, Mus., Bac.

PART I.

OPENING REMARKS :

**HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, SIR HAMILTON J.
GOOLD-ADAMS.**

I. CHORUS : "The Yeomen of England" *Ed. German*
From the Opera "Merrie England."

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chappell and Co., Ltd.)

**THE BRISBANE AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY,
and AUSTRAL CHOIR.**

Solist : MR. RALPH MOFFAT.

Conductor : **Mr. E. R. B. JORDAN.**

Who were the yeoman, the yeoman of Eng-
land ?
The Freeman were the yeoman, the Freeman
of England !
Stout were the blows they bore, when they
went out to war,
Stouter their courage for the honor of Eng-
land !

Where are the yeomen, the yeomen of
England ?
In cottage and in homestead they still dwell
in England,
Stained with the ruddy tan, God's air doth
give a man,
Free as the winds that fan the broad breast
of England.

Chorus.—And Spaniards and Dutchmen and Germans and such men,
As foemen did curse them, the yeomen of England,
No other land could nurse them,
But their Motherland, Old England,
And on her broad bosom did they ever thrive.

Shakespeare's Call to Englishmen.

NO words that Shakespeare ever wrote can appeal to Englishmen at a time of national stress as must King Henry the Fifth's stirring call to men on the Eve of St. Crispian. That call, in England's long history, has always been nobly responded to. While Englishmen *are* Englishmen it always will be.

Enter King Henry V.

Westmoreland. O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in Eng-
land

That do no work to-day.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair
cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
more..

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from
England;

God's peace! I would not lose so great an
honour

As for one man more, methinks, would share
from me,

For the best hope I have. O! do not wish
one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his
scars,

And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's
day.'

Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our
names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glou-
cester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; he, be ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not
here,

And hold their manhood cheap while any
speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Telegrams and Letters from other Branches of the Royal Society of St. George,

read by

Mr. E. T. CAMPBELL.

(Secretary, Brisbane Branch Royal Society of St. George.)

3. SPEECH—"For England."

Mr. A. LANGLEY-SIMMONS.

(President of the Brisbane Branch, Royal Society of St. George.)

4. PIANO SOLO—

"Finlandia"

Sibelius

Miss MERNA GILLIES.

5. ACT IV., SCENE III., from "King Henry V."

Shakespeare

THE BRISBANE SHAKESPEAREAN AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

(By Special Request.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

King Henry V...	MR. G. W. WHATMORE
Montjoy	MR. G. H. VANDER
Westmoreland	MR. T. J. GRIFFITHS
Salisbury	MR. E. V. CARSON
Bedford	MR. THOMAS FEENEY
Exeter	MR. E. W. FOSTER
York	MR. FRED. DERRICK
Two English Herald	MISSES KITTY SINGLETON AND W. OVENDEN

APRIL 23RD.



A DAY OF CELEBRATION and a
DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

ENGLAND'S DAY.

SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

THE NAME DAY OF THE KING.

ZEEBRUGGE DAY.

And OUR DAY.

“ Ever the faith endures,
England, my England,
England my own!

Take and break us—we are yours.

Life is good, and joy runs high

Between English earth and sky ;

Death is death ; but we shall die

To the song on your bugles blown,

England—

To the stars on your bugle blown.”

HIS GRACE, THE RIGHT REV. ARCHBISHOP DONALDSON.

(Published by W. H. Paling and Co., Ltd.)

MISS JESSIE McDONALD.

How I'm longing every hour,
For a tiny glimpse of home;
How I long for wings to bear me
Safe across the raging foam.
There is naught can ease the aching,
That in my heart there be
For the happiness still waiting
In my home across the sea!

'Tis a humble little cottage,
Yet a wealth of love is there,
For the lonely and the weary,
And the heart grown sad with care.
When the storm clouds frown so darkly,
And no glimpse of hope there be,
There is still a ray of sunshine,
In my home across the sea!

Rene Jordan.

THE BRISBANE AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY and AUSTRAL CHOIR.

Conductor: Mr. E. R. B. JORDAN

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home.
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

Home! Home! Sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home, there's no place
like home.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage
again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them with that peace of mind,
dearer than all.

Home! Home! Sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home! there's no place
like home.

MISS DOROTHY FIELD.

THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE.

Men who have died for England,
Silent and still you lie,
Scattered o'er land and ocean,
Under an alien sky.
Dead, but your fame endureth,
Known to earth's farthest shore!
Names of the deathless Legion,
Living for evermore.

Men who have died for England,
Give us the strength to pray,
Worthily that we follow
Where you have led the way.
Not with a step that falters,
Not with a heart afraid,
But with your name before us,
Fearless and undismayed!

Men who have died for England,
Teach us to use aright
Victory's gift you leave us,
Won by your hard-fought fight.
Keep we your fame untarnished,
Clear as the sun before,
Names of the deathless Legion,
Living for evermore.

—G.W.T.P., in the *Daily Express*.

*"Oh, England! I heard the cry of those that died for thee
Sounding like an organ voice across the winter sea;
They lived and died for England, and gladly went their way,
England, O England—how could I stay?"*

J. D. BURNS,

Late Corporal, 21st Battalion,
6th Brigade, A.I.F.
(Killed in action, Gallipoli, 1915).

In Honour of Fallen Englishmen.

Their name liveth for evermore.

THE LAST POST.

BUGLERS OF THE A.I.F.

It is only meet and right that we should not forget at our annual national festival our brave and gallant countrymen who have paid the supreme sacrifice for their King and Country. While repining their loss, we glory in their splendid end.

The Audience is requested to stand while the solemn dirge is sounded.

ORGAN SOLO— “A psalm of thanksgiving for our glorious dead”

Mr. VICTOR GALWAY.

INTERVAL SELECTION.

Cornet Solo—“Australia”

Lithgow

Bandmaster S. ROWLANDS.

SPECIAL APPEAL TO ENGLISHMEN.

During the interval cards will be distributed to the audience to enable those who wish to join the Royal Society of St. George, to put down their names and addresses. The Secretary will then communicate with them later.

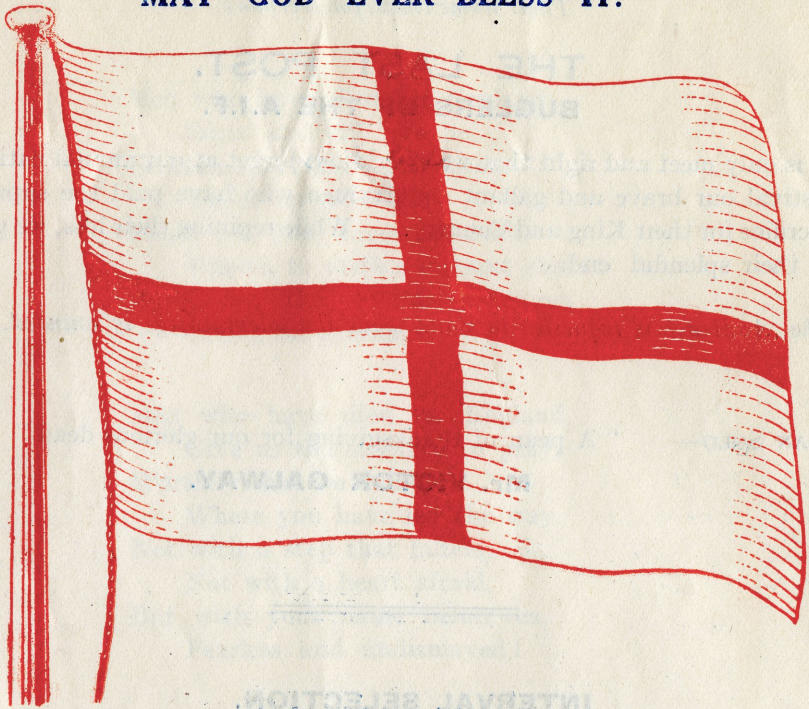
A very urgent appeal is made to all patriotic men and women of English descent to join their National Society, in order that it may be as strong as possible in helping to protect our constitutional liberty and freedom.

We have kept the flag of England unsullied—let us see that the increased honour and responsibility attaching to the name of “Englishman” are worthily upheld. You can help to this end by joining

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE.

THE GRAND OLD STANDARD OF ENGLAND.

"MAY GOD EVER BLESS IT."



An American Tribute to Old England.

I.

The fighting ships of England, they sailed the seven seas,
From the Clyde and rainy Cornwall to sunlit Cyclades,
Vancouver, Yokohama, Pacific isles forlorn,
The Orkneys, Nova Scotia, 'round Good Hope and the Horn.
And everywhere men wondered and everywhere men saw
That the fighting ships of England brought Anglo-Saxon law.
Not the law of lawless rulers, misruling in the name
Of God o'er godless kingdoms; but where those great ships came
Was certain death to tyrants, and so the saying ran:—
"Trade follows the flag—and justice and the ancient rights of man."

II.

The fighting ships of England, those good grey men-of-war,
Were gathered once at Whitby, from cruising fast and far,
When sudden and clear at daybreak the call to action rang,
For the German Midgard serpent had struck with his iron fang—
Struck, and the whole world shuddered, as if with a mortal wound—
But quietly sailed at sunrise the Grand Fleet, eastward bound;
And the North Sea kept the secret—how the hell-born powers recoiled!—
And the world was saved for freedom, and Fafnir's brood was foiled,
While many a distant harbor and many a far-flung key
Saw the good ships of England as they kept the ocean free.

III.

The right arm of Old England—who'd shorten that arm now?
The Fleet—who'd grudge the splendor of one victorious prow?
Behold our fenceless coast-line by foreign foe untrod;
Behold our unspolied cities, our vast inviolate sod;
Then rail not at the glory that 'round the Grand Fleet clings,
For the Sea Hawk held the Vulture till the Eagle found his wings;
More power to the Sea Hawk, however strong we be—
To the fighting ships of England, that keep the ocean free!

WILLIAM HURD HILLYER, in the New York *Herald*.

For God and Merrie England.

PART II.

Honouring the English Flag.

The Meteor Flag of England will be unfurled by His Excellency the Governor, the King's representative. As the grand old flag unfurls the first verse of the National Anthem will be sung, after which the Audience is requested to wave St George's Flags and give three great hearty English cheers for "the flag which has braved a thousand years," and is symbolical of Liberty, Freedom and Justice.

I. NATIONAL AIR—

"Rule, Britannia!"

Arne

Mr. GEORGE KITSON.

Accompanied by the Grand Organ, Band and Drummers.

THE AUDIENCE IS REQUESTED TO JOIN IN THE CHORUS.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:—

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish, shall flourish great
and free,
The dread and envy of them all

Chorus—

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears, that tears the
skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

What has England Done ?

CASUALTIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

POPULATION.

ENGLAND, 34,500,000 or 57·5 %

Rest of United Kingdom and White
Population of Dominions combined
25,500,000 or 42·5 %

CASUALTIES

on all Fronts—officially announced

ENGLAND - - - 82 %

Rest of United Kingdom, together
with ALL Troops of Overseas
Dominions, White and Coloured, 18 %

England has therefore suffered in
killed in action out of all proportion
to her population, and far more
severely than any other country in
the Empire.

England, the Mother of the Empire,
had 13·1 per cent of the fighting
population in the fighting forces
before the military age was raised
to 50, and then continued to have
the Highest Proportion of any
country in the Empire serving in
our fighting ranks.

ENGLAND

Rest of United Kingdom and White Empire.

POPULATION

ENGLAND

Rest of United Kingdom, and Overseas
Dominions, White and Coloured.

CASUALTIES

2. SPEECH—

“ England's Sacrifice in the War.”

Mr. ARTHUR EXLEY.

(Immediate Past President, Brisbane Branch Royal Society of St. George.)

Mr. Exley will move the following resolution :

“ This great meeting of Englishmen on St. George's Day avows its loyalty to King and Empire, and pledges itself to crush the Dragon of rebellion and disloyalty wherever and whenever it raises its head.”

3. SONG—

“ The Crown of England ”

H. Lohr

Mr. W. W. CRISP.

4. Presentation by **HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR**

of ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE (Brisbane Branch)

WAR DECORATIONS for Meritorious and Unselfish Honorary Patriotic Work during the War, to the following Members:—

Mrs. A. C. BELL,

Miss F. M. HELLYER

Mrs. E. J. TODD

Mrs. F. W. BROWN

Mrs. R. HOME

(Vice Chairwoman)

Miss R. E. HALL

Mrs. W. R. PEARCE

Miss A. E. WILDMAN

Mrs. H. W. HARGREAVES

(Hon. Sect. to Com.)

Miss A. M. WILDMAN

Mr. H. W. HARGREAVES, *Founder and Chairman of the Committee.*

Mr. L. LANGLEY-SIMMONS, *President*, who, during the War, by his organization raised in an honorary capacity £637,000 for various War Funds.

5. CHORUS—

“ Sons of England ”

E. R. B. Jordan

(Mr. Jordan, a fellow of the Royal Society of St. George, has dedicated this Chorus to the Brisbane Branch of the Royal Society of St. George.)

THE BRISBANE AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY AND AUSTRAL CHOIR.

Conductor : Mr. E. R. B. JORDAN.

England's might in ages past
Held her Island Kingdom fast ;
Peerless amid the waves she stood—
Heaven guarded heroes shed their blood
That her Dominions none might dis sever
But she should bide for ever.

England's love for one oppressed,
As of yore still stands the test ;
True to the name of Motherland,
God grant that we may help her stand ;
That her Dominions none might dis sever,
But she should bide for ever.

Sons of England, stand together,
Kith and kin of English blood,
Sons of people far asunder,
Where the roaring sea-waves thunder.
Stand united, stand for Freedom,
Peace on every hill and vale,
That our Empire ever wider,
Proudly bide unshaken still.

6. SPEECH—

“The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare.”

MAJOR BOLINGBROKE, D.S.O.

7. DUET—

“Watchman, What of the Night?”

J. Sarjeant

(By Special Request.)

Messrs. W. W. CRISP and GEORGE KITSON.

Say, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dew's of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing
sky,
And bright shall its glories be.

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness
roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet.

But, watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star
can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more!

8. VOTE OF THANKS TO HIS EXCELLENCY for his attendance.

Moved by **MAJOR H. R. CARTER.**

9. CHORUS—

“Long Live Elizabeth (Merrie England)”

Ed. German

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chappell and Co., Ltd.)

**THE BRISBANE AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY
AND AUSTRAL CHOIR.**

Conductor: **Mr. E. R. B. JORDAN.**

Long live Elizabeth, sing with united breath,
God Save Elizabeth and Merry England;
May Heaven prosper her, may Heaven foster
her.
St. George for Merry England and England's
Queen Bess.

God Save Elizabeth, loyal and true till death
Unto her English Queen shall England be;
Held high thy sceptre is, safe from thine
enemies,
Elizabeth for England and England for thee.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King,
God save our King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save our King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store.
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save our King.

PIANO KINDLY LENT BY PALING AND CO. LTD.